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# After the Divorce Hearing, I Confess My Sins

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## **After the Divorce Hearing, I Confess My Sins**

It was god-awful cold:  
wind chill eighty-one below.  
My tires froze solid,  
and Debbie's telephone  
went down in the storm.

I was stuck fifteen miles  
into unincorporated Will County  
with no way to get home  
to Andrea, to the kids,  
and no way to call,  
and all I could think  
was bless Debbie's furnace,  
bless our hot and heavy breathing,  
bless the blankets above me  
and Debbie below.

And I could hear  
branches breaking and things  
flying through the air  
and smacking up against her house  
like it was tornado weather,  
like it was summer  
swooping down on us  
and carrying us away  
toward our final judgment.

Christ Almighty, I said  
and closed my eyes  
and dug my head hard  
into Debbie's broad shoulder  
and kept on going,  
pumping like crazy  
and praying the wind,  
wherever it took us,  
would set us down easy.